

RHEUMATISM
Mind this. It makes no difference, Chronic, Acute, or Inflammatory of the Muscles, Joints, and Bones is cured by

SAINT JACOB'S OIL



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CHAPTER XV.
A DOCUMENT OF IMPORTANCE.

It was a copy and not the original of this letter which I found in the cigar case, as was evident from the fact that the document was in Green's handwriting, and to this I attached some importance.

As matters stood it looked as if Green had in some way contrived to intercept Mullen's correspondence, and it also looked as if, after making himself acquainted with the contents of Mullen's letters, Green had carefully resealed them and let them go on to the person for whom they were intended. That he must have had some reason for not retaining in his possession what might prove so valuable a piece of evidence was very clear, and after thinking the matter over I came to the following conclusion:

Although Mullen had given an address to which a letter might be sent to him by his sister, it was not likely that he himself was actually to be found at that address. On the contrary, it was more than probable that he had arranged some complicated correspondence, so that even if the police should find out the address to which the letter was sent they would still have before them the difficult task of tracing the letter to the address to which it had been resealed, and perhaps again resealed, before they could come to the actual hiding place of the fugitive, who in the meantime would get wind of what was going on and would promptly decide that it was high time for him to change his quarters. And I felt tolerably sure that his manner of making a change would be like that of certain sea fowl who, upon the approach of an enemy, dive out of sight beneath the water, where they twist and turn and eventually come up far out of reach and range in any other direction than that in which they are looked for.

Hence it was possible that, though Green had succeeded, as I say, either in intercepting or obtaining access to Mullen's correspondence, he might not be any nearer to discovering the criminal's actual whereabouts. But if Green merely took a copy of this letter and then let it go on to Mullen the latter would very likely fall into the trap of keeping the appointment which he had made with his sister and could then be arrested and handed over to justice. For though his sister had—lost the letter should fall into other hands than those for which it was intended—cautiously refrained from mentioning her own or her husband's name, or from giving any address except that of a foreign town, she had, nevertheless, forgotten that there were not likely to be many large steam yachts belonging to an English gentleman whose wife was in bad health lying at the same moment of such a place as Stavanger. An experienced inquiry agent like Green would have no difficulty in learning the name of such a vessel and of its owner, and that he had taken steps to obtain the necessary information was very clear from the second document which I found in his cigar case. Here it is:

Respectful Dan-
gannon, shot
in U.S.A. in
1881,
known as James
Crawford, who
afterward as-
sumed the name of James Mullen.

Mary Hathorwick
Crawford, daughter
of John Hathorwick,
Esq., of
Galway,
had son,
known as James
Crawford, who
afterward as-
sumed the name of James Mullen.

This Mary Hathorwick
Crawford (married to) Henry Cross
(d. 1886)

and had daughter,
Flora Hathorwick Cross, b. 1865;
m. in 1885 to Stanley Burgoyne, Esq.

The meaning of this document—a document which affords some interesting data to the student of heredity—evidently was that James Mullen was the illegitimate son of the famous, and also infamous, Lord Danganon by a Miss Mary Mullen, the daughter of an Irish gentleman. The fact that Miss Mullen had been seduced and had given birth to a child had probably been kept a secret, for if Green's notes were correct she had afterward married a Mr. Henry Cross, by whom she had a daughter, Flora (now Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne), who was therefore Mullen's half sister, and the writer of the letter, a copy of which I had found in Green's cigar case.

How Green had contrived to find out the address to which Mullen was having his letters sent there was no evidence to show. Whether it was due to a singularly lucky fluke or to his own astuteness I could not say, and am not likely ever to know, but I quite realized and understood that it was possible for him to have made such a discovery. And I recognized and understood also that, after having read the letter which gave him the clue to Mullen's connection with Mrs. Stanley Burgoyne, the other facts which he had ferreted out in regard to Mullen's parentage would not be difficult to arrive at. What I could not understand, however, was by what means he had succeeded in intercepting Mullen's letters. If Green had been an official from Scotland Yard, he would not doubt be allowed to intercept letters which might be written by or addressed to suspected persons, but that the postal authorities would permit a private inquiry agent to tamper with their mail bags was not to be entertained. That Green was staying in the same house as Mullen and was able in that way to lay hands on the latter's correspondence was very unlikely. Nor was it likely that my late inquirer agent had succeeded.

CASTORIA.
The family
signature of
Chas. H. Plitcher
is on every
bottle.

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not unaware of his condition, and did his best to palliate it by being so obligingly communicative in regard to any question I asked him that I could, had I wished it, have acquainted myself with all that he knew about every customer who patronized his establishment.

"You have letters addressed here sometimes, don't you?" I asked as he was brushing my hair.

"Yes, sir; we have letters addressed here," he made answer, "but strictly confidential, of course," whispering this in my ear with drunken gravity and adding, after a pause, with a meaning leer: "And very convenient, too, under certain circumstances. Is there any little thing you can do for us in that way yourself, sir? If so, we should be 'appy to accept your commission."

The only little thing I was minded to do for him was to kick him and that right heavily, but, representing the ungenerous desire of the maternal man I affected to be thinking the matter over, and then replied:

"Why, yes, I think you might. My name is Smithers—Alfred John Smithers—so if any letters addressed to that name come here you'll know they are for me, won't you?"

"Certainly," he said. "Only too 'appy to oblige a customer at any time. Living 'ere, sir?"

"Staying for a week or so," I answered, "and I may perhaps come to live, but am not sure yet. By the bye, do you ever get any letters for my friend, Mr. Henry James?"

"Oh, Mr. Henry James? Oh, yes, sir! And you are the second gentleman that's asked me the same question. Mr. Green 'e harked me as well."

"Mr. James Bakewell Green?" I said.

"Oh, yes; 'e is a friend of mine too."

"Hindred sir?" (This with a deprecating cough, as if he did not think much of the late Mr. Green, and was inclined in consequence to reconsider the favorable opinion he had apparently formed of myself.) "Curious gentleman, Mr. Green. Never bought nothing in the shop, Mr. Green didn't. Most gentlemen as 'as their letters addressed 'ere takes a bottle of our 'air wash now and then for the good of the 'ouse, but Mr. Green 'e never 'ad as much as a stick of shaving soap at any time. 'E was always harking questions, too, as I told Mr. James."

"Oh," I said, beginning to see daylight in regard to the means by which Mullen had got to know that Green was making inquiries about him. "How did you come to mention the matter to Mr. James?"

"Mr. James 'e left particular word, sir, that if anybody harked after 'im we was to be sure and let 'im know."

"I see," I said. "And when do you expect Mr. James to call again?"

"Mr. James never calls, sir. We 'aven't ever seen 'im. 'E sent us instructions that all letters wot come for



"Mr. James 'e left particular word."

'im was to be put in a henvelope and addressed to 'im at Professor Lawrence's 'air cutting establishment at Stubby, and we was to let 'im know if any one harked after 'im."

At that moment the bell over the tobacconist shop outside announced the entrance of a customer, and two young men, pushing open the swing door of the hairdressing saloon, seated themselves to await their turn.

Under the circumstances, and especially as I had learned all I required, I did not think it wise to ask further questions, but I had a particular reason, which the reader shall shortly hear, for wishing to possess a specimen of the handwriting in which the letters sent to Henry James, Esq., that were sent on to the care of Professor Lawrence's establishment at Stubby, were directed.

"Can you spare me a second in the outside shop?" I said to the hairdresser.

"With pleasure, sir," he answered, following me out. "What can I do for you?"

"Look here," I said, pushing half a sovereign toward him over the counter, "that's for your trouble in letting me have my letters addressed here. And now another matter. I've not been very well today and want to see a doctor. Who's the best man to go to?"

"Dr. Caruthers, Devonshire 'ouse, Grayland road, sir. Best doctor in the town, sir," he responded.

"Would you mind writing it down for me? I've got a beastly memory."

"With pleasure, sir," he said, producing a bottle of ink, a pen and a sheet of paper from a drawer. "That's it, sir. Much obliged, sir. I'll be very careful about the letters, and good day, sir."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Cholly (relating how he caught his cold)—Id's the dastly tregerous sprig weather, donchewer. I was stucked out to go out with by light summer cane instead of by widdy wud, and it's giv' be the illudged. —A. L. Sloper.

Roofs on American Buildings.

We are all affected in different ways by color and form, harmony and discord, the beautiful and the ugly. Experiments have proved that certain colors have the power to induce a temporary insanity from which relief is only obtained by the use of another color—as, for instance, green, the most restful of all the colors in nature. Discord in music excites irritability. Bad proportions in architecture depress the spirits, although no scientific experiments have been made to prove the fact, none, perhaps, being thought necessary, for a depression of spirits has assailed us all of late in looking at certain new buildings recently erected among us.

Each of these has its distinct virtues and faults, but there is one fault none of them miss—the fault of a bad roof and hideous sky lines. From the park you get a glimpse of an imposing site of a costly structure that might be a source of inspiration. But a great white pile is superimposed by a red roof, and that, again, is topped by a white dome. One is distracted, depressed and disappointed beyond words. A gray stone armory on another site has a roof that is like a silly impertinence. A new museum, placed as no other building among us has ever been placed, has sins in the way of sky lines that are not to be described.

None of these roofs suggests anything in the way of utility, and as part of a decorative whole they are failures. Is it, as we wondered at that dinner the other night, that our climate and our social conditions have never made it necessary for us to use the tops of our houses except as storehouses and garrets, and that therefore the art of architecture, which is an adaptation of the ideal to the practical, when confronted by a roof must fail? For we do not, like the Mohammedans, use our roofs for our daily prayers or our nightly recreation, nor yet, again, is it necessary for us to reside on our roofs, as is the case with the nomads. Utility has therefore not helped us with a suggestion, nor yet has national custom or the exigencies of a torrid zone given us a hint. We are, in fact, in a difficult place, one in which only the genius of some young architect can save us from monotony, and that genius is one which will make of roofs a special study.—Harper's Bazar.

Tossed on the Foaming Billows

You may never have been, but if you cross the Atlantic, no matter how smooth the sea, you will find it a very different matter to be well, a lucky voyager, than it is. Old tars who have spent their lives on the ocean waves, who were almost born, so to speak, with their "sea legs," suffer now and then from sea sickness, and in very tempestuous weather, when the sea is very rough, the sailors and passengers suffer from sea sickness. Sea sickness is a very common ailment, and it is caused by the motion of the ship. It is a very unpleasant ailment, and it is caused by the motion of the ship. It is a very unpleasant ailment, and it is caused by the motion of the ship.

Blended.

"See how white the umpire is getting!"

"Yes, the blanchers are after him." —Detroit Journal.

Make the Baby Smile.

To hear a crying baby suffering from colic and griping pains is not inspiring. You can relieve and soothe the baby at once with Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup and make her smile again. I gave Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup to my baby who suffered and rested badly; after the first dose she became quiet and slept peacefully. It is a blessing to mothers. Annie E. Burkhardt, Reamstown, Pa. Dr. John W. Bull's Baby Syrup costs only 25 cents.

Got on All Right.

See—How are you getting on with your bicycle, Captain Vert?

He (a beginner)—Oh, splendidly! Get on about every two minutes.—Fun.

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His True Value.

She—I thought you told me your salary was \$10 a week?

He—Oh, no, I said I earned \$10, but I only get \$2.—Tit-Bits.

Mothers Almost Worn Out. Hand's Colic Cure Gave Instant Relief.

BALL BROS., O., March 25th, '96.—Dr. Hand—"I received your sample bottle of Colic Cure and was never so glad in my life. My baby had the wind colic since she was born, and I was almost driven out of my mind. I gave her a dose without my husband's knowledge and it gave her instant relief and she has not been the least trouble since I gave her this Colic Cure. I will recommend it to every mother. Mrs. J. C. Wade." Sold by all druggists 25c.

Two Great Classes.

"Mankind," said the teacher, "are divided into two great classes. Name them."

"The people who rides bicycles," said the prize scholar, "and them who gets run over." —New York Sunday Journal.

A True Saying.

It has been said that habitual constipation is the cause of fifty-one-half per cent of all diseases. Keep your bowels regulated by Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and your system will be in proper condition to keep off diseases of all kinds. Get a sample bottle (10 doses 10 cents) of SAUR & BALSLEY'S, and you will bless the day you did.

A Businesslike Girl.

The member of the firm pressed his hand to his heart.

"I love you madly!" he exclaimed. "I love but you! I have never loved before!"

The typewriter inclined her head.

"Very well," she replied. "More than one copy, sir?" —Detroit Journal.

Hundreds of thousands have been

induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and having tested it for themselves are to-day its warmest friends. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O.

A Lament Sentence.

Judge—You are charged with carrying concealed weapons.

"It is all a mistake, your honor. You see, I had a pair of old pistols that I shoved into my pocket to illustrate a very clever pun I recently worked up. I get the boys to talk about balloons, and then I say my life was once saved by parachutes. When they give me the laugh, I draw the old pistols—put 'em in my pockets. You understand? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Did you invent that?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Thirty days." —Tit-Bits.

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LABOR'S SHARE.

Protection Can Give Nothing with Labor on Free List.

The Laborer Now Competes with Lowest Responsible Bidder of the World—Low Prices Stimulate Both Consumption and Production—Example of Steel Rail Pool.

One of the best speeches made in the house while the Dingley bill was being discussed was made by John C. Bell, of Colorado. With facts which are indisputable, and logic which is unanswerable, he exposed many of the fallacies of protection. His exposure of the absurd claim that protection helps the workman is especially good. Here is a part of it:

"But our friends upon the other side say that they levy a tariff for the benefit of the wage-workers. I say to you that any tariff bill, I care not from whom it comes, that does not contain a provision for prohibiting the free importation of labor from foreign countries is oblivious of the rights of labor and is opposed to the interest of all wage-workers. (Applause.)

"Protection is always asked in the interest of others. Now, observe how it is asked in behalf of the poor laboring man—just enough to cover the difference between the European scale of wages and our own. What hypocrisy! Who ever heard of the laboring man getting rich manufacturing? The statisticians clearly figured from the census of 1880 that about six per cent, on our dutiable list would cover the difference between the European wage schedule and ours, or that about 18 per cent, ad valorem covered the entire labor cost of our list of 1880. While the manufacturer then asked for the poor laborer his six per cent, he got for himself at the hand of congress six times six per cent.

"Is there any reason why a high tariff affects wages injuriously? Yes; by enabling employers to build up a vicious trust system for the manufacturer and against the laborer. The high tariff makes the manufacturer complete master of the wage-worker.

"In the review of R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade, dated February 12, it is stated:

"No other event of the week approaches in importance the disruption of the steel rail pool. In two days," says the report, "after it a greater tonnage of rails was probably purchased than the entire production of the last year, reported at \$60,000 tons, and instead of \$28 in December and \$25 in January, \$17 is now the price at which works east and west are seeking orders. And further," says the report, "the Carnegie company has been selling at \$17, Chicago delivery. These sales will employ many thousands hands, with an important decrease in the cost of track laying on renewal of railroads."

"Now, my friends, let me ask you, was it the rising or lowering price that employed these thousands of men? Our friend, Mr. Hopkins, of Illinois, tells of the benefits of a higher duty on iron and steel. Did the steel rail pool need more tariff? What is the difference in giving the manufacturer a double profit through a high tariff or through a pool? Do they ever share the profits of the pool with labor? No. Will they ever share the profits of a tariff? Never.

"It takes no political economist to answer these questions. If the United States manufacturers can reap twice the profit under a high tariff by limiting themselves to the home market and running half time, why should they run full time and invade foreign markets? They never will. They will sit down comfortably and sell their limited supply of goods for increased profits, making them more than whole, while the laborer tramps the country in search of work just as he does under the trust system.

"It is unfortunate that the humdrum of the tariff has been sounded in the ears of the people until many of them really believe that foreign trade is unimportant, if not a curse. Why did the breaking of the steel rail pool put so many men to work? It was because the consequent lower price for iron and steel brought most liberal orders from abroad as well as at home. Suppose the tariff had been prohibitive and we would have been confined to the home market. Would the manufacturers have made so many goods? No, but they would have doubled their profits on what they did make. The people could not have bought so many because of the increased price. Who would have suffered? First, the workmen, because they would have had fewer goods to make; secondly, the

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